

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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SMILES FOR HOME.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"A smile is the light of the window of the face, by which the heart signifies to father, husband, or friend, that it is at home. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, sobriety is night, and a smile is twilight, that hovers gently between both, and more bewitching than either."

"Take that home with you, dear," said Mrs. Lewis, her manner half smiling, half serious.

"Take what home, Caddy?" And Mr. Lewis turned toward his wife curiously.

Now Mrs. Lewis had spoken from the moment's impulse, and already partly regretted her remark.

"Take what home?" repeated her husband. "I don't understand you."

"That smiling face you turned upon Mr. Edwards when you answered his question just now."

Mr. Lewis slightly averted his head, and walked on in silence. They had called in at the shop of Mr. Edwards to purchase a few articles, and were now on their way home. There was no smile on the face of Mr. Lewis now, but a very grave expression instead—grave almost to sternness. The words of his wife had taken him altogether by surprise; and, though spoken lightly, had jarred upon his ears.

The truth was, Mr. Lewis, like a great many other men who have their own business, cares and troubles, was in the habit of bringing home a sober, and too often a clouded face. It was in vain that his wife and children looked into that face for sunshine, or listened to his words for tones of cheerfulness.

"Take that home with you, dear." Mrs. Lewis was already repenting this suggestion made on the moment's impulse. Her husband was sensitive to a fault. He could not bear an implied censure

from his wife. And so she had learned to be very guarded in this particular.

"Take that home with you, dear! Ah, me! I wish the words had not been said. There will be darker clouds now, and gracious knows they were dark enough before! Why can't Mr. Lewis leave his cares and business behind him and let us see the old, pleasant, smiling face again. I thought this morning that he had forgotten how to smile; but I see that he *can* smile, if he tries. Ah! Why don't he try at home?"

So Mrs. Lewis talked to herself, as she moved along by the side of her husband, who had not spoken a word since her reply to his query, "Take what home?" Block after block was passed, and street after street crossed, and still there was silence between them.

"Of course," said Mrs. Lewis, speaking in her own thoughts—"Of course he is offended. He won't bear a word from me. I might have known beforehand that talking out in this way would only make things worse. Oh, dear! I'm getting out of all heart!"

"What then, Caddy?"

Mrs. Lewis almost started at the sound of her husband's voice, breaking unexpectedly upon her ear, in a softened tone.

"What then?" he repeated, turning toward her, and looking down into her shyly upturned face.

"It would send warmth and radiance through the whole house," said Mrs. Lewis, her tones all a-trembling with feeling.

"You think so?"

"I know so. Only try it, dear, for this one evening."

"It is not so easy a thing to put on a smiling face, Caddy, when thought is oppressed with care."

"It did not seem to require much effort just now," said Mrs. Lewis, glancing up

at her husband with something of archness in her look.

Again a shadow dropped upon the face of Mr. Lewis, which was again partly turned away; and again they walked on in silence.

"He is so sensitive!" Mrs. Lewis said to herself, the shadow on her husband's face darkening over her own. "I have to be as careful of my words as if talking to a spoiled child."

No, it did not require much effort on the part of Mr. Lewis to smile, as he passed a few words lightly with Mr. Edwards. The remark of his wife had not really displeased him; it had only set him to thinking. After remaining gravely silent because he was undergoing a brief self-examination, Mr. Lewis said—

"You thought the smile given to Mr. Edwards came easily enough?"

"It did not seem to require an effort," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"No, not much effort was required," said Mr. Lewis. His tones were slightly depressed. "But this must be taken into account: my mind was in a certain state of excitement or activity, that repressed sober feelings, and made smiling an easy thing. So we smile and are gay in company, at cost of little effort, because all are smiling and gay, and we feel the common sphere of excitement. How different it often is when we are alone, I need not say. You, Caddy, are guilty of the sober face at home as well as your husband." Mr. Lewis spoke with a tender reproof in his voice.

"But the sober face is caught from yours oftener than you imagine, my husband," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"Are you certain of that, Caddy?"

"Very certain. You make the sunlight and the shadow of your home. Smile upon us; give us cheerful words; enter our feelings and interests, and there will be no brighter home in all the land. A shadow on your countenance is a veil for my heart; and the same is true as respects our children. Our pulses strike too nearly in union not to be disturbed when yours has lost its even beat."

Again Mr. Lewis walked on in silence, his face partly averted; and again his wife began to fear that she had spoken too freely. But he soon dispelled this impression, for he said—

"I am glad, Caddy, that you have

spoken thus plainly. I only wish you had done so before. I see how it is. My smiles have been for the outside world—the world that neither loved nor regarded me—and my clouded brow for the dear ones at home, for whom thought and care are ever living activities."

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were now at their own door, where they paused a moment, and then went in. Instantly on passing his threshold, Mr. Lewis felt the pressure upon him of his usual state. The hue of his feelings began to change. The cheerful, interested exterior put on for those he met in business intercourse, began rapidly to change, and a sober hue to succeed. Like most business men his desire for profitable results was even far in advance of the slow evolutions of trade; and his daily history was a history of disappointments, in some measure dependent upon his restless anticipations. He was not as willing to work and to wait as he should be; and like many of his class, neglected the pearls that lay here and there along his life-paths, because they were inferior in value to those he hoped to find just a little way in advance. The consequence was, that when the day's business excitement was over, his mind fell into a brooding state, and lingered over its disappointments, or looked forward with failing hope in the future—for hope in many things had been long deferred. And so he rarely had smiles for his home.

"Take that home with you, dear," whispered Mrs. Lewis, as they moved along the passage, and before they had joined the family. She had an instinctive consciousness that her husband was in danger of relapsing into his usual state.

The warning was just in time.

"Thank you for the words!" said he, "I will not forget them."

And he did not; but at once rallied himself, and to the glad surprise of Jenny, Will, and Mary, met them with a new face, covered with fatherly smiles, and with pleasant questions, in pleasant tones, of their day's employments. The feelings of children move in quick transitions. They had not expected a greeting like this; but the response was instant. Little Jenny climbed into her father's arms. Will came and stood by his chair, answering in lively tones his questions, while Mary, older by a few years than the rest, leaned against

her father's shoulder, and laid her white hand softly upon his head, smoothing back the dark hair, just showing a little frost, from his broad, manly temples.

A pleasant group was this for the eyes of Mrs. Lewis, as she came forth from her chamber to the sitting room, where she had gone to lay off her bonnet and shawl and change her dress. Well did her husband understand the meaning look she gave him; and warmly did her heart respond to the smile he threw back upon her.

"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver," said Mr. Lewis, speaking to her as she came in.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mary, looking curiously into her father's face.

"Mother understands," replied Mr. Lewis, smiling tenderly on his wife.

"Something pleasant must have happened," said Mary.

"Something pleasant? Why do you say that?" asked Mr. Lewis.

"You and mother look so happy," replied the child.

"And we have cause to be happy," answered the father, as he drew his arm tightly around, "in having three such good children."

Mary laid her cheek to his, and whispered, "If you are smiling and happy, dear father! home will be like Heaven."

Mr. Lewis kissed her; but did not reply. —He felt a rebuke in her words. But the rebuke did not throw a chill over his feelings; it only gave a new strength to his purposes.

"Don't distribute all your smiles. Keep a few of the warmest and brightest for home," said Mrs. Lewis, as she parted with her husband on the next morning. He kissed her, but did not promise. The smiles were kept, however, and evening saw them; though not for the outside world. Other, and many evenings saw the same smiles, and same happy home. And was not Mr. Lewis a better and happier man? Of course he was. And so would all men be, if they would take home with them the smiling aspect they so often exhibit, as they meet their fellow-men in business intercourse, or exchange words in passing compliments. Take your smiles and cheerful words home with you, husbands, fathers, and brothers. Your hearths are cold and dark without them.

ORIGIN OF THE "BOOK OF MORMON," OR "GOLDEN BIBLE."

As this book has excited much attention, and has been put by a certain new sect in the place of the Sacred Scriptures, I deem it a duty which I owe to the public, to state what I know touching its origin. That its claims to a divine origin are wholly unfounded, needs no proof to a mind unperverted by the grossest delusions; that any sane person should rank it higher than any other merely human composition, is a matter of the greatest astonishment; yet it is received as divine by some who dwell in enlightened New England, and even by those who have sustained the character of devoted Christians. Learning recently that Mormonism has found its way into a church in Massachusetts, and has impregnated some of its members with its gross delusions, so that excommunication has become necessary, I am determined to delay no longer doing what I can to strip the mask from this monster of sin, and to lay open this pit of abominations.

Rev. Solomon Spaulding, to whom I was united in marriage in early life, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for a lively imagination and a great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage, we resided at Cherry Valley, New York. From this place we removed to New Salem, Ashtabula County, Ohio; sometimes called Conneaut, as it is situated upon Conneaut Creek. Shortly after our removal to this place, his health sunk, and he was laid aside from active labors. In the town of New Salem there are numerous mounds and forts, supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. The ancient relics arrested the attention of the new settlers, and became objects of research for the curious. Numerous implements were found, and other articles evincing great skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man, and passionately fond of history, took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement and furnish employment for his lively imagination he conceived the idea of giving a historical sketch of this long lost race. Their extreme antiquity of course would

lead him to write in the most ancient style; and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as near as possible. His sole object in writing this historical romance was to amuse himself and his neighbours. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit occurred near the same time, and I recollect the date well from that circumstance. As he progressed in his narrative, the neighbors would come in from time to time to hear portions read, and a great interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by one of the lost nation, and to have been recovered from the earth, and to have assumed the title of "Manuscript Found." The neighbors would often inquire how Mr. Spaulding progressed in deciphering "the manuscript," and when he had a sufficient portion prepared he would inform them, and they would assemble to hear it read. He was enabled from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce many singular names which were particularly noticed by the people and could be easily recognized by them. Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother, Mr. John Spaulding, residing in the place at the time, who was perfectly familiar with this work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it read.

From New Salem we removed to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Here Mr. Spaulding found an acquaintance and friend, in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. Patterson, who was very much pleased with it and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it a long time, and informed Mr. Spaulding that if he would make out a title-page and preface, he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. Spaulding refused to, for reasons which I can not now state.

Sidney Rigdon, who has figured so largely in the history of the Mormons, was at this time connected with the printing office of Mr. Patterson, as is well known in that region, and as Rigdon himself has frequently stated. Here he had ample opportunity to become acquainted with Mr. Spaulding's manuscript, and to copy if he chose. It was a matter of notoriety and interest to all who were connected with the printing establishment.

At length the manuscript was returned to its author, and soon after we removed to Amity, Washington county, Pennsylvania, where Mr. Spaulding deceased in 1816. The manuscript then fell into my hands, and was carefully preserved. It has frequently been examined by my daughter, Mrs. McKenstry of Monson, Mass., with whom I now reside, and by other friends.

After the "Book of Mormon" came out, a copy of it was taken to New Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and the very place where the "Manuscript Found" was written. A woman preacher appointed a meeting there, and read and repeated copious extracts from the "Book of Mormon." The historical part was immediately recognized by all the older inhabitants, as the identical work of Mr. Spaulding, in which they had been so deeply interested years before. Mr. John Spaulding was present, who is an eminently pious man, and recognized perfectly the work of his brother. He was amazed and afflicted that it should have been perverted to so wicked a purpose. His grief found vent in a flood of tears, and he arose on the spot and expressed in the meeting his deep sorrow and regret, that the writings of his sainted brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. The excitement in New Salem became so great, that the inhabitants had a meeting, and deputed Dr. Philastus Hurlbut, one of their number, to repair to this place and to obtain from me the original manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible, to satisfy their own minds and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive. This was in the year 1834. Dr. Hurlbut brought with him an introduction, and a request for the manuscript, signed by Messrs. Henry Lake, Aaron Wright, and others, with whom I was acquainted, as they were my neighbors when I resided in New Salem.

I am sure that nothing could grieve my husband more were he living, than the use which has been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown about the composition doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to purposes of delusion. Thus a historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions and extracts from the Sacred Scriptures, has

been constructed into a new Bible, and palmed off on a company of poor deluded fanatics as divine. I have given the brief narration, that this work of deep deception and wickedness may be searched to the foundation, and its author exposed to the contempt and execration he so justly deserves.

MATILDA DAVISON.

Rev. Solomon Spaulding was the first husband of the narrator of the above history. Since his decease she has been married to a second husband by the name of Davison. She is now residing in this place; is a woman of irreproachable character, and an humble Christian, and her testimony is worthy of implicit confidence.

A. ELY, D.D.,

Pastor Cong. Church in Monson.

R. D. AUSTIN,

Principal of Monson Academy.

Monson, Mass., April 1, 1839.

WHAT SHALL I TELL HIM?

The following valuable article is from the *Christian Repository*. A correspondent informs the editor that the "Sin against the Holy Ghost" is alleged as full proof of the doctrine of endless misery by a minister in his neighbourhood, and asks, "What shall I tell him?"

The Editor makes the following reply:—

"Tell him," first, that the sin against the Holy Spirit consisted in charging Christ with working his benevolent, merciful miracles by the power of Beelzebub, the prince of demons. It is written, in Mark iii. 30, "He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost, hath never forgiveness but is in danger of eternal damnation, because they said, Christ hath an unclean spirit." Dr. Clarke thought that none but the eye witnesses of his miracles could possibly commit the sin against the Holy Spirit of God. If all others but these "shall be forgiven," and these "shall not be forgiven," then but very few will be lost.

2. "Tell him" that the phrase, "hath never forgiveness" ought to be translated, "*hath not forgiveness to the age*"—and that the expression, "*eternal damnation*," from (Greek) *aioniou kriseos*, simply

means a judgment of long duration.—*Aion* and *aionios* are insufficient to prove the eternity of anything whatever.

3. "Tell him" that the phrase, "neither in this world nor in the world to come," ought to be translated, "*neither in this age nor in the age to come*." Ask him if *aion* means eternity? If it does, then it should read, "neither in this *eternity* nor in that which is to come!" We frequently read of the end of *aion* and of the *aions* in the plural, and yet this is the noun of the word from which everlasting and eternal are translated.

4. "Tell him" the truth that this expression "*shall be forgiven*," and "*shall not be forgiven*" is an idiom of the ancient language, and is not to be understood in an absolute or positive sense, but in a comparative sense, meaning that all other sins may be *more easily* forgiven than the Sin against the Holy Spirit. Tell him that orthodox commentators have taken this view of this passage. They have said that under the gospel, all sins without exception may be repented of and forgiven. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all sin*"—the sin against the Holy Spirit not excepted.

5. "Tell him" that Christ prayed on the cross for the very persons who committed this sin, saying, "Father, forgive them." Will not his prayer be answered? The Jews committed this sin, but Paul said, that "After the fullness of the Gentiles shall have come into the kingdom, the Deliverers shall come out of Zion and *turn away* ungodliness for Jacob, 'or Israel,' and so *all* Israel (though then broken off and unsaved) *shall be saved*, for this is my covenant unto them when I shall *take away* [*forgive* in the Greek] their sins."—Romans, xi. chap.

6. "Tell him" that *forgiveness of sins* does not mean remission of deserved punishment, as he vainly supposes, but *overlooking and not remembering* our sins against us, but loving us freely as if we had never sinned. The Father forgave the prodigal son, in the parable, after he had been punished, and had repented or reformed. When a sinner becomes holy and obedient, he does not *deserve* any more punishment for his past sins, but he needs to become sensible that the Heavenly Father has forgiven his sins, and loves with an everlasting love.

SPASMODIC RELIGION.

The soundest conversion is that which is based upon a calm conviction of error, and a desire after a better life; for it is an acknowledged fact, that wherever men act through fear or any strong excitement, the effect generally passes away with the cause.

A CELEBRATED writer on the causes and symptoms of disease remarks, "That spasmodic affections are often induced by long fasting or the habitual use of *ardent spirits* and *crude indigestible food*." We have but to carry these remarks to another field of observation, and we find a striking analogy between the causes and symptoms of bodily and mental ailments, more particularly in what are called the religious manifestations of the human family, that the neglect of religious culture and worship for a length of time, or the administration of spiritual fire-water, ardent spirits, crude, indigestible, revival, religious teaching, excite, inflate, collapse the mind, and produce religious spasms, which cause a mighty stir in the church for a short season; and like a thunder storm sweeps over certain districts, the more wild and uncultivated the more fierce this element, until the electric fluid has spent its wrath and equalised itself; so these seasons of religious revivals, protracted, noisy, stormy meetings of great excitement have their periodic mission, doing their good and evil work, as do all other storms, in this imperfect condition of the religious life of the human family.

These seasons and manifestations are the natural results of natural causes we can all understand and explain, and are not confined to the so-called orthodox, evangelical religionists of the Christian church. These grand displays of religious fervour, intense overpowering occasions are enjoyed by Pagan, Heathen, Brahmin, and Mahomedan devotees, even on a more magnificent scale, than in the Christian church. In truth, the more corrupt and ungodly the notions of Deity and the accepted doctrines of religion, proportionate is the wildness and extravagance of these seasons, as the more unwholesome the food and the greater the potency of the spirit of the dram drinker the higher is the excitement induced. The worshippers of Baal were

intensely excited during their unholy rites, shouting from morn till noon, "Baal hear us, Baal hear us," leaping up and down upon their altars; dancing round with hideous cries and shouts and displaying bodily gesticulations and contortions of the most frantic character. Such exhibitions comported not with the Prophet of the Lord, nor the service of the true God, neither did the true worshippers reverence this wild fanaticism. The Bhuddists professing to be under the influence of the Spirit of God, dance about from side to side, shouting and singing and praying, and to excite and sustain the excitement persons are kept beating furiously on a tom-tom or drum, while the priests are going through their frantic attitudes. They have books among them with rules laid down for getting up this excitement; and some are taught from earliest youth the art, and to practise this fanaticism. The Mahomedans too, have their dancing dervishes, and their exciting meetings; joining hands, shouting, singing, praying and dancing until overpowered by their fanaticism they fall down under the influence, they think of the Spirit of God. "Beloved, believe not every spirit but try the spirits, for many false prophets are gone out into the world."—Very good advice of the Apostle John.

We deny that these seasons should be regarded as the times of the plentiful outpouring of God's Holy Spirit. We base our opinions on years of observation, a good knowledge of the constituents and proceedings of revival meetings, the methods resorted to in getting them up, the kinds of prayers and discourses delivered on these occasions, and the general fruits or results of these religious spasms. The apostle Paul says, "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;" these meetings of the outpouring of the Spirit are often characterised by the very reverse of these fruits, and these virtues are spoken of as mere filthy rags. Men, and women, and children by these meetings are for a time joined to a sect or party on conversion, but are they in general more humble, loving, long-suffering, benevolent, self-sacrificing than before, we answer there is nothing in the spirit or teaching of

these occasions to affect any such change, no such fruits are the result.

A church in a languishing state determines upon a series of revival services. Do they seek, to lead these meetings, a preacher of the most intelligent, meek, peaceful, temperate, long-suffering character? certainly not; he would be the last man to ask, they would laugh at such a suggestion. They seek a man of another turn of mind and preaching. A man with a great deal of the go-to-the-devil daring about him, who will discharge some infernal bomb shells among them, who comes with threats and noisy bombast to convert a neighbourhood—whose discourses are full of fire and brimstone. The following is an extract from one of these recent Spurgeonian orations:—"Body and soul shall be together, each brimful of pain—thy body from head to foot suffused with agony; thy head tormented with racking pains; thine eyes starting from their sockets with sights of blood and woe; thy pulse rattling at an enormous rate of agony; thy limbs crackling like the martyrs in the fire, and yet unburnt; thyself put in a vessel of hot oil, pained, yet coming out undestroyed." Such is the style of the preacher, and such are the tastes of the people who get up a revival meeting.

After such an awful sermon an order is given for the conversion of souls this night; for they are generally nightly meetings. 'Tis curious, the full plenitude of the revival spirit seldom or never rests upon a morning meeting: the prayers are to be short, the addresses short and spirited. At New York, we read the orders given at present are for three minute addresses and prayers, and that all the physical and mental energy may be exerted at once, no one has to address and pray the same evening. We have heard the order given, "Pray short and sharp and bring the spirit down." Then you'll find men going about the meeting, shouting, "Bless the Lord!" others shouting, "Hallelujah!" others, "Amen!" Then an order is given for all to pray at once; this but gives liberty to heighten the confusion; several leaders are directing the penitents to a prominent form, called the *penitent form*. (When a revival is conducted in a Catholic chapel, for we hear they are adopting such tactics now,

the penitents are taken into the confessional). The people are ever and anon looking up to see how many are at the penitent form. Three or four of the most powerful shouters stand over the penitent form praying. The penitents are told in some cases simply to believe, and to repeat the words, "I believe it, I believe it," and keep repeating it until they do believe, until they get salvation and their souls are set at liberty, as they call it. This work is carried on for hours at times, and for nights and weeks in succession in one chapel. A worshipper of Baal, a Pagan fanatic, a practised Bhudist, a dancing, excited, Mahommedan Dervish would find himself in the right company and element at one of these meetings; in short, they are exhibitions of religious enthusiasm run mad; we have witnessed them, and these are but faint descriptions of what is carried on within the pale of civilisation, and in the name of Christianity.

We believe the universal mind of the christian church recoils from the thought that our divine Lord and Master would have taken part in such uproarious, shouting, threatening, expostulating, fanatical meetings, where exciting stories of hell, damnation, devouring flames, everlasting-burning are the food of the auditors. Young children shouting out for mercy, that they are the chief of sinners; tender hearted females regarding themselves as a thousand times worse than Manasseh; the stentorian voice of the preacher like thunder shouting, glory! glory! glory! Old men and women driven, in some cases, to madness, to fill some asylum for life; people fainting and falling over; a great part of the meeting lying on the floor—men, women, and children in a confused mass (one of these people, still in the same faith, told us of being in several meetings of the kind, where *all* were down on the floor,) shouting, singing, praying, exhorting, groaning, rejoicing all at once. We believe our Saviour introduced no such scenes, patronised no such meetings, looks upon them with no complacency now; they are uncongenial to the spirit of Christian life, and should be utterly discarded by the Christian church. "Behold my servant" (the scriptures speaking of Jesus,) "whom I have chosen; my beloved in whom my soul is well pleased;

I will put MY SPIRIT upon him, and he shall shew judgment (the gospel) to the Gentiles. He shall not strive, nor cry ; neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets. A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment (the gospel) unto victory." Behold your Master and learn of him.

We rejoice to know that the most intelligent, meekest, mildest, and best members of many of those churches, leave those meetings in perfect disgust, and pronounce a strong judgment against them, denying their title to be called religious meetings, and that they really are in the hands of the most ignorant and unscrupulous members of the churches, where they are tolerated at all. That these services, and their originators, weighed in the balance of scriptural information, pure religious experience, moral goodness, and Christian life, are chaff from which very little wheat can be gathered. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." It is not for a revival of such religion as this that special services are got up is a *fact* that will not be denied by the revivalists themselves.

That some truth is sown, and some good is effected by these seasons and religious tempests we will not deny. We have already admitted this. From these times some men, it may be many, date the beginning of a better life. It has proved to some, a time of awakening ; some who went to these meetings to scoff remained to pray. Bad men have been aroused to the badness of their lives by overdrawn and hideous statements and anecdotes ; at these meetings we have heard of the veriest reprobates of a neighbourhood having been convinced of sin, and having cried for mercy, through faith having accepted the conditions of pardon, and by repentance and the grace of God commenced a new life ; a life which ever afterwards has entitled them to the name of Christian. But for all this we are not prepared to admit, however numerous these cases may be, that they entitle such meetings to our respect and adoption. We do not, nor ever will we believe, that the end attained justifies or sanctifies the

means used. We know that men have been frightened from courses of vice, and adopted better modes of life by the fraud and deception of their best friends, using the most unjustifiable means. We know that some parents extort reverence and obedience from their children by the most unwise course of proceedings. We have also heard how in the dead hour of the night, how the prodigal returning from the sin and revelry of his vicious companions, by the daring of some earnest friend appearing dressed as a spectre, has successfully warned him and entreated him to leave his wickedness, and the after course of his life has proved the good effect, in producing by unusual fear and reflection a wiser and better man. "But should we do evil that good may come?" The Christian knows his answer, "God forbid."

The partial good effects and success of revival tactics we have admitted. The bad effects are patent to the church and the world. Revivalism such as it is, is mixed with good and evil, like all human things, the evil preponderating as we will show. Christianity we believe to be unmixed good, every thing called evil in Christian Churches are not of God or of Christ, they are tares sown among the wheat, and we believe every plant our Heavenly Father has not planted will be plucked up. Revivalism is one of these plants and we will help to destroy it. To those who enjoy these seasons of religious excitement in the church, even to them they are but the meteor flash of religious mirth like the crackling of thorns under a pot, and they leave their souls shivering, cold and dull. They become dissatisfied with the regular and genial currents of religious and spiritual life. We have seen them all in a glow during these seasons of fire, and we have felt their cold touch when these days of miracles were past, and these spasms impossible. They must have these extraordinary occasions, or God, they think, has forsaken them. They have not the piety of the good man who says, "I will bless the Lord at *all times*, his praise shall continually be in my mouth ; every day will I bless thee and praise thy name for ever and ever." They would rather have one of those grand spasmodic meetings in a year, than fifty-two occasions for calm

and grateful worship, and mild religious meditation. They would rather be burned in the fiery chariot of the prophet, than warmed by the mantle he left behind. And it is true that the very people who are so filled with the spirit at these meetings, have soon least of it. They are ever representing themselves forsaken of God and tempted by the devil, and they often fall away from moral and religious life, because these seasons cannot be always continued.

We know these meetings engender spiritual pride instead of christian humility. The openly rebellious go into these crucibles of religion full of worldly conceit, and come out as full of Pharasaic pride, saying, "Stand by, I am holier than thou." "All who have not been born again as we have been will never enter the kingdom." One of these converts once told us that they were only sure of one clergyman of the Church of England ever converted, and that all the rest had gone to the devil. Christian reader, if you would like to be so converted, you have a different taste from us. We would rather hope better things of all clergymen and run the chances of heaven and hell as we are. They call these meetings, meetings for getting the soul saved, getting religion, getting a title or passport to the kingdom. They come forth and boast of having "got their souls saved," "got salvation," "the witness of the spirit," their names entered in the "Lamb's book of life." Yesterday they were miserable sinners, to day they are justified, adopted, sanctified, meet for the company of saints, angels, Christ and God. Now, mark, this in the phraseology used by the new converts; full of lip religion and effrontery, who know nothing of Christian doctrines, and of the life of Christ they have never read a page. They could no more give a reason for the hope that is in them, than a moral quotation from the scriptures. But they have been at the revival meeting, they have heard, trembled, felt, seen, prayed, believed, and are washed in the blood of Jesus from all their past sins, so the preacher told them they would be if they believed, they believed, and so they must be, and they are now full of the spirit, (of what spirit judge ye) of spiritual pride, consigning the best of mankind

who have not felt as they have to perdition, sure and certain as they will themselves go to heaven. Thus they are converted, but not as Christ said, converted and become meek and mild, and pure and teachable as a little child to commence the struggle of moral and pious life. Oh no! nothing of this kind. They are not humbled, with their past sins and determined now to go on with the help of heavenly grace and wisdom from good to better thence to better still. Not they. In one or two nights they arrive at perfection, and believe life can develope nothing higher than a continuous succession of revival meetings. They soon find out their mistake, and some begin to remedy these first wrong impressions, by faithfulness to duty, reading of scripture and prayer, and so continue members of the church; but alas, the many fall away, illustrating what is equally true in religion as it is in horticulture, "*Soon ripe, soon rotten.*"

In conclusion we declare our unqualified dissent from these religious displays of excited feeling, we have said what we could in their behalf, it is very little, for we know if you attend the place of one of these great revivals a few months after you will find desolation and moral death; the reaction of these meetings are moral and spiritual torpor. Few of the thoughtfully devout or morally good of the Christian church have their convictions of piety and holiness of life deepened by these meetings. The hypocrites in religion, the holy knaves and whited sepulchres we are told in the United States can be in the centre of these meetings saving souls one day, and at the circumference selling bodies and souls another day. What is true of one place is true of another, these meetings do but touch up the tints of deception, too often of those who make their feelings instead of *justice, humility, and mercy* their religion, and they enjoy a good time, as they often call it of religious feeling.

Earnest and good men are sometimes led to believe that these meetings are the places for "getting religion" and making their peace with God. They submit to these spiritual mediums for a time, and after all their conjurations, adjurations, and vociferations, they do not feel that spiritual impulse and jerk into newness of

life they expected, they fall into the other extreme and believe there is *nothing* in religion, it is all deception, for the reaction of fanaticism is scepticism and infidelity, we know of such cases, which embolden us to write. Thus we are compelled to sum up and say to the Church and the World, to Saints and Sinners these excitements are great public calamities, only blinding the eyes of mankind to reason and revelation which God has in mercy given. Let us labour that the good, sober sense of mankind be no longer carried out of its proper channel by mere noisy bombast, and this vain and degrading show of piety and religion. Let its influence be to infuse a little more warmth and life into those who hold by rational godliness so that the mass of mankind may learn of him, and of him only, who is meek and lowly of heart, that they may find rest to their souls.

THE HAPPY CALAMITY.

"I HAVE lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man; to-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sad: we will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see! you shall see! answered several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work, and make you rich again."

"I shall help" said the younger girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like the song of praise.

They left their stately house. The

servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold; and she who had been the mistress of the mansion shed no tears.

"Pay every debt," said she; let no one suffer through us, and we may be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed, with delight and astonishment, the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one instructed in the household, and also assisted the younger children; besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needlework. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The little cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I was never so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in a great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as my heart likes to feed on."

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed; nothing was wasted; nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no!" was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we

children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not to be a rich man any more."—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

MIND YOUR STOPS.

A SHORT ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

RIDING in a railway carriage not long since, our eyes chanced to light upon a little book, in the hands of one of the passengers, which he seemed to be intently studying. As he lifted it somewhat nearer to his face, we saw the title, *Mind Your Stops*, stamped in large letters upon the cover. It was, doubtless, a small treatise on punctuation; a most needful, much neglected art. But the title to us was suggestive of other things. It might be introduced not unwisely, we thought, into practical morals; and as we sped swiftly on, we busied ourselves in thinking of the classes and persons in whose ears, if we could, we would breathe the words, *Mind Your Stops.*"

Weighty words of warning are they, especially to young men. Setting out as you are, young brother, on the great highway of life, we say earnestly and emphatically, "*Mind Your Stops.*"

Do not "stop" at the bar-room. Merry laughter may ring out from it as you pass by, and voices of friends and companions may call you to enter. Within it may shine brightly with light, thrown back from polished mirrors, and gleams from crystal bottles, and the voices of mirth and gaiety may be heard there; but "stop" not; there is danger in its brightness. The gleaming bottles contain potions that may lead to poverty, dishonor, and death. The merriment there is the laughter of fools, and may end in the horrible laughter of the maniac. "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away."

Do not "stop" at the gambling-house. Those closed windows conceal treacheries and fascinations you may find yourself too weak to resist. There are callous hearts

there, whose delight it will be to lure your feet into coils from which you cannot escape. They may be fair to your eye, when covered by a fair address, but the nether millstone is not more hard, or the serpent more crafty. Keep far from the clutches of these destroyers. Risk no money upon their tables. The money is little worth indeed, but you may be playing with honor, with happiness, with your soul's life. The stake is too high; the gains are two insignificant.

Do not "stop" at the theatre. It is the school of morals, say they who love it. We add, it is the school of bad morals. Before the footlights and behind them corruption reigns. It is too often the mart of the shameless representations of vices, and by shameful caricatures of goodness. Virtue owes it nothing, and religion disowns and opposes it. "Stop" not at its open doors. You may enter to have your soul defiled, and your heart tainted.

Do not "stop" among the foolish and profane. It is painful for us to see how many young people ape the folly and vice of age. The curse on the lip and the sneer at the serious, sober and devout is the mark, the outward sign of an empty head and a hollow heart, warning you not to "stop" there. "He who walks with the foolish will be a fool; and the companion of fools will be destroyed." "Blessed are they who walk not in the counsel of the ungodly, who stand not in the way of sinners, who sit not in the seat of the scornful." Among such companions do not "Stop."

"Stop" only with those, and where, your minds can be improved, your virtue increased, your reverence for all that is pure and good can be heightened, there tarry awhile; these are stations on the roadside of life where you can profitably "stop."

"Stop" not anywhere where conscience forbids or temptations beckon. "Turn not to the right or left." "Let thine eyes look on, and let thine eye-lids look straight before thee." There are many places to seduce you by their fascinations. Take care lest you pause in them. They are bright ante-chambers of the dark prison house; gilded gateways to destruction. Watch your thoughts. Take care of your associations. "*Mind your stops.*" —*Exchange Paper.*

Five Hundred Arguments continued.

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

ON no duty of Christian life has the Saviour left plainer precepts, or a more certain example than on prayer and worship; who has said, "That when you pray say, Our Father who art in heaven:" "And thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him *only* shalt thou serve."—We affirm without fear of contradiction, that no Trinitarian can find in the whole compass of the bible, command or example to pray to or worship, Angels, the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ, or a Triune Deity. The words and spirit of human liturgies, are the reverse of the scriptures on divine worship.—Unitarians prefer to *obey* and *imitate* the Great Head of the Church, who says, "The True Worshipers shall worship *the Father*," and though maligned for dissent in this matter, to be able to say with the apostle Paul, "After the way which they call *heresy* we worship the God of our fathers."

SCRIPTURAL PASSAGES WHICH SHOW THAT JESUS CHRIST TAUGHT THAT PRAYER AND WORSHIP SHOULD BE OFFERED TO THE FATHER ONLY.

"Then saith Jesus, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him *only* shalt thou serve."—Matt. iv. 10.

"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door, *PRAY TO THY FATHER*," &c.—Matt. vi. 6.

"After this manner therefore pray ye: *OUR FATHER* which art in heaven."—Matt. vi. 10.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall *your Father* who is in heaven give good things to them that ask him."—Matt. vii. 11.

"Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of *my Father* who is in heaven."—Matt. xviii. 19.

"When ye stand *praying*, forgive if ye have aught against any, that *your Father* also who is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses."—Mark xi. 25.

"As he was praying in a certain place, when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, *Lord teach us to pray*, as John also taught his disciples. And he said unto them, *When you pray, say Our Father* which art in heaven."—Luke xi. 1, 2.

"The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship *the Father* in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him."—John iv. 23.

"In that day *YE SHALL ASK ME NOTHING*. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask *the Father* in my name, he will give it you."—John xvi. 23.

The foregoing passages teach us to pray to the Father and *not* to pray to the Son. The following are of the same nature enjoining prayer to the Father in the name of the Son or through Jesus Christ.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask of *the Father* in my name he may give it you."—John xv. 16.

"At that day ye shall ask in my name: and I

say not unto you, that I will pray the Father for you: for the Father himself loveth you."—John xvi. 26, 27.

"And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."—John xiv. 13.

"Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name: ask, and you shall receive, that your joy may be full."—John xvi. 24.

"Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Eph. v. 20.

"And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."—Col. iii. 17.

"I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Rom. vii. 25.

"To God only will be glory through Jesus Christ for ever."—Rom. xvi. 27.

"By him (Jesus) therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually."—Heb. xiii. 15.

That one God the Father, the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is *alone* entitled to supreme worship, we learn from the Old and New Testament. The example of praise and prayer to God by Christ, and his disciples, and apostles, ought to suffice on this question. The following passages will show the

EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

"At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, *O Father, Lord of heaven and earth*, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—Matt. xi. 25.

"And it came to pass in those days, that he (Jesus) went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God."—Luke vi. 25.

"And he (Jesus) took the seven loaves and the fishes, and gave thanks."—Matt. xv. 36.

"And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, *O my Father*, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt."—Matt. xxvi. 39.

"Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to *my Father*, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels."—Matt. xxvi. 53.

"He prayed, saying, Father if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done."—Luke xxii. 42.

"These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee."—John xvii.

"Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour."—John xii. 27.

"And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always: and because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me."—John xi. 41, 42.

"And I will pray *the Father*, and he will give you another comforter."—John xiv. 16.

"Who (Christ) in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, unto Him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared: though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience."—Heb. v. 7, 8.

"And about the ninth hour, Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying,.....My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"—Matt. xxvii. 46.

"Then said Jesus, *Father*, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—Luke xxiii. 34.

"And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, *Father*, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost."—Luke xxiii. 46.

EXAMPLE OF APOSTLES AND DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.

"They (apostles) lifted up their voice to God with one accord, and said, Lord thou art God who hast made heaven, and earth, and the sea;..... grant that signs and wonders may be done by the name of thy holy child, Jesus."—Acts iv. 24.

"But this I (Paul) confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and the prophets!"—Acts xxiv. 14.

"I thank my God, through Jesus Christ for you all, that your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world."—Rom. i. 8.

"Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be like minded one toward another, according to Christ Jesus; that ye may with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,"—Rom. xv. 5, 6.

"To God only wiae, be glory, through Jesus Christ for ever."—Rom. xvi. 27.

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Father of mercies and the God of all comfort."—2 Cor. i. 3.

"That the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom, and revelation in the knowledge of him."—Eph. i. 17.

"Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages world without end."—Eph. iii. 20, 21.

"Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever."—1 Tim. i. 17.

"For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man."—Eph. iii. 14, 16.

We are glad to perceive, although much of the Trinitarian worship is unscriptural, it is growing more and more purely Unitarian Worship of the Father, and prayer to God through Christ. Unscriptural prayers, hymns, and liturgies, have, we hope, passed the meridian of their glory, and are now dwindling away. The words of Dr. Manton, a Trinitarian, are worthy of attention, he says:—"Direct your prayers to God the Father." Christ prayed to the Father,—"I thank thee, O Father! Lord of heaven and earth." So the saints in their addresses,—"For this cause I bow my knee unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." Pray in the name of Christ,—"Whatsoever ye ask in my name, that will I do." Pray by the Spirit,—"Praying in the Holy Ghost." Christians need not puzzle themselves about conceiving Three in One, and One in Three; let them in this manner come to God and it sufficeth; make God the object, and Christ the means of access, and look for help from the Spirit."

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

HEALTH OF CHILDREN.

Three times as many children die in cities as in the country, and half the children born do not reach ten years. Such a result could never have been intended by the wise and kind Maker of us all. A different result must be brought about by the exercise of the reason which is implanted in all parents, and which, if properly cultivated and practised in the lights of our time, would soon work a wonderful change in infantile mortality.

1.—Children should sleep in separate beds, on mattresses of straw or husks of corn.

2.—Require them to go to bed at a regular early hour, and let them have the fullest amount of sleep they can take, allowing them in no case to be waked up.

3.—Except a rug beside the bed, there should be no carpet on the floor of their chamber, no bed or window curtains, no clothing of any description hanging about, no furniture beyond a dressing table and a few chairs, no standing fluids, except a glass of water, and nothing at all in the way of food or plants or flowers. In short, a bed-chamber should be the cleanest, driest, coolest, lightest, and most barren room in the house, in order to secure the utmost purity of air possible.

4.—Make it your study to keep your children out of doors every hour possible, from breakfast time until sundown, for every five minutes so spent in joyous play increases the probabilities of a healthful old age.

5.—Let them eat at regular hours and nothing between meals, eating thus never stint them; let them partake of plain substantial food until fully satisfied. Multitudes of children are starved into dyspepsia. The last meal of the day should be at least two hours before retiring.

6.—Dress children warmly, woollen flannel next their persons during the whole year. By every consideration, protect the extremities well. It is an ignorant barbarism which allows a child to have bare arms and legs, and feet, even in summer. The circulation should be invited to the extremities; warmth does that, cold repels it. It is at the hands and feet we begin to die. Those who have cold hands and feet are never well. Plenty of warmth, plenty of substantial food and ripe fruit, plenty of sleep, and plenty of joyous out-door exercise, would save millions of children annually.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

FUTURE WIVES OF ENGLAND.

My pretty little dears, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint; more kitchen and less parlour; more leg exercise and less sofa; more making puddings and less piano; more frankness and less mock modesty; more breakfast and less bustle. I like the buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted bouncing lass, who can darn stockings, mend her own frocks, mend trowsers, command a regiment of pots, and be a lady withal in the drawing room. But as for your pining, moping, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, putty-faced, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, with your consumption-soled silk stockings, and calico shifts, you won't do for the future wives and mothers of England.—*Mrs. Evis' Lecture.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

TO OUR FRIENDS.—We beg to inform them a *Title Page* will be issued with the December number of this year. We will explain the Scriptural passages of many inquirers in Vol. Third. A page or two will then be devoted to the insertion of the letters and questions of our Trinitarian readers; such letters, now sent, are carefully preserved for Volume Third.

A NEW ILLUSTRATION.—The Rev. J. B. Dykes, precursor of Durham Cathedral, in a lecture on "Sound," at Sunderland, Feb. 8th, 1858, remarked, "That the three cardinal sounds had an analogy in the Trinity, and yet they were all resolvable into one."

ANOTHER DISCOVERY.—A Rev. gentleman on taking the chair for a lecture on "John Milton," at Sunderland, remarked, he did so because Milton was a christian, and also orthodox (Trinitarian he meant). The lecturer facetiously remarked to a friend after the lecture, "What would the Rev. gentleman thought if I had declared Milton a Unitarian." The lecturer should have done so.

DANGEROUS MEN.—We are informed that a noted Presbyterian clergyman in New York, in a Sunday discourse warned the young people of his flock of three very dangerous men in our times, and named these personages to be the Rev. Dr. Bellows, Rev. Theodore Parker, and Rev. E. H. Chapin! He warned his flock against hearing these gentlemen even lecture, and particularly urged upon them not to attend the proposed lectures on "Social Evils," by Dr. Bellows. Of course the Gotham boys will not disobey this priestly injunction. It is a good thing to have the very wicked people named in public, so that one's silver may be secure. —*Boston Transcript*.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.—A Baptist paper, *N. Y. Examiner*, has the following:—"For some reason or other, a change has come over us in this respect. An insidious scepticism has, for a considerable time, been creeping into the churches, on the subject of future punishment, which, though it has not to any great extent assumed a positive form, is working like poisonous (?) leaven in many quarters where it would be least expected. Persons high in the evangelical ranks, acknowledged leaders of opinion, are questioning, hesitating, half ready to avow their dissent from what they once regarded as a fundamental doctrine of the faith. This being the case, it cannot be doubted that many more are secretly, perhaps unconsciously, cherishing the same distrust."

H. W. BEECHER AND UNITARIANS.—In a recent sermon delivered in his Church at Brooklyn, Mr. Beecher is said to have condemned in very plain and pungent terms the bigotry and narrowness of the managers of the Evangelical Sunday School Union in that city for refusing to invite or allow Unitarians and Universalists to unite with them in their annual Sunday School gathering. He pronounced their conduct unchristian and even infidel, it seems. "Here in this godly city of Brooklyn,—in this so-called city of churches, we find so little of Christ's Spirit among us, that our orthodox superintendents thus take upon themselves to judge who among innocent children shall or shall not be recognized as Christian. *There never was infidelity spawned so monstrous as this.* We think the Unitarians wrong, and ourselves right; and how do we go to work to change them? Can you make a flower grow by taking a pick-axe and digging into its roots? We take God's battle-axe, and bang them, and hammer away; but what avails it? You've tried ice and icicles long enough; now try a little of Christ's Spirit—a little love."

SWEDENBORGIAN PROGRESS.—A writer in the *New Church Magazine* declares that the wicked will hereafter be in a condition of perpetual progress, and "may in some far off stage of their progress, get to exceed, in mere quietness and happiness, many good people's present idea of heaven." We are sure this is not fully accepting the teaching of Swedenborg. We rejoice there are men in the NEW CHURCH ahead of their Master on this subject.

A SHORT SERMON AND A GOOD ONE.—The Rev. Dr. B—, of Philadelphia, is noted for brief sententious sayings in the pulpit and out of it. As he was coming down Chesnut-street the other day, a gentleman asked him, "Sir, can you tell me how to find the Sheriff's office?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "Every time you earn five dollars spend ten!" Saying this, the doctor walked on, leaving his questioner gaping upon the sidewalk. He was a stranger who had come to town on business and asked for information, but the more he pondered on the reply, the more he was convinced that his unknown informant had answered him wisely.

MR. SPURGEON'S IDEA OF HEAVEN.—Preaching at Shipley, near Leeds, Mr. Spurgeon alluded to Dr. Dick's wish, that he might spend an eternity in wandering from star to star. "For me," exclaims Mr. Spurgeon, "let it be my lot to pursue a more glorious study. My choice shall be this; I shall spend 5,000 years in looking in the wound in the left foot of Christ, and 5,000 years in looking in the wound in the right foot of Christ, and 10,000 years in looking into the wound in the right hand of Christ, and 10,000 years more in looking into the wound in the left hand of Christ, and 50,000 years in looking into the wound in his side." It is well asked—Is this religion?

RELIGION OF CONVICTS.—An official report of the State Prison of Pennsylvania affords the following particulars, out of 385 convicts, of their religious persuasions:—

Israelite.....	1	Friends.....	6
Universalist.....	1	Baptist.....	12
Ranter.....	1	German Reformed	14
Mennonist.....	1	Episcopalian.....	21
United Brethren.....	2	Presbyterian.....	50
Dutch Reform.....	2	German Lutheran	65
French Protestant.....	2	Roman Catholic...	90
Disciple.....	2	Methodist.....	110
Christian.....	4		

Here is a good opportunity for some to learn a little wisdom, who say, that our views of divine government would produce criminals, and that the doctrines of future and eternal damnation greatly restrain from crime. Is it so?

Cardinal Wiseman says, "No single person has ever yet discovered this doctrine of two natures in Christ, and Christ's equality with the Father in the Bible for himself. And as to faith, we should be almost ready to retract every word we have written, if a well-attested case could be proved to us of any one, left to learn religion from the Bible, having thence deduced the doctrine of the Trinity, or one only God in three real persons; or that of the divinity of our Lord, in its true sense, as consubstantial to the Father, as being one in person and having two perfect natures. These are the two dogmas which the church has considered essential to salvation, and fundamental to all revealed religion; yet we feel confident that no single person has ever discovered those for himself in the Bible, and that they are only believed by Bible Christians (where they are believed) in consequence of a self-deceit or self-imposition in fancying that they hold on scripture evidence what in reality they only maintain because they have been so taught in church, that is, on the evidence of their clergyman."

DIAMOND DUST.

Principle is a passion for truth.
Brave actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornaments of it.

Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.

Poverty wants *some* things, luxury wants *many* things, but avarice wants *all* things.

It is an extraordinary fact that when people come to what is commonly called *high* words, they generally use *low* language.

Mahomedans say, that one hour of justice is worth seven hours of prayer; one good act is worth a century of eloquence.

The mind of a bigot is like the pupil of the eye : the more light you throw upon it, the more it contracts.

Hospitality is commanded to be exercised even towards an enemy. The tree refuseth not its shade even to the woodcutter with axe in hand.

The bad fortune of the good turns their faces up to heaven ; and the good fortune of the bad bows their heads down to the earth.

Jacob, in his dream, saw a ladder reaching up from earth to heaven, that is more than a dream. Every round in it is either a grace or a duty.

A beautiful inscription, it is said, may be found in an Italian graveyard : " Here lies Estalla, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

The heart is a cup which is empty till it overflows. We have nothing to enjoy till we have something to impart. He only lives who is not a reservoir, but a fountain.

Happiness is a road-side flower growing on the highways of usefulness ; plucked it shall wither in thy hand, passed by it is fragrance to thy spirit. Trample the thyme beneath thy feet—be useful—be happy.

The Christian that seeks to reach heaven by Christ the way, will not only feel all the safety of his course, but he will be characterized whilst he walks it, by whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are just and lovely and of good report.

TRUE BRAVERY.—Nearly all truly brave men have been of a finely organized and therefore nervous temperament. Julius Cesar was nervous, so was Bonaparte, so was Nelson. The Duke of Wellington saw a man turn pale as he marched up to a battery. " That," he said, " is a brave man ; he knows his danger and faces it."

In whatever age and country, it is the prevailing mind and character of the nation to regard the present life as subordinate to a life to come, and to mark the present state, the world of their senses, by signs, instruments, and mementos of its connection with a future state and a spiritual world,—there Religion is.—There, however obscured by the hay and straw of human will-work, the foundation is safe.

In the world of matter there is the greatest economy of force. The rain-drop is wooed for a moment into bridal beauty by some enamoured ray of light, then feeds the gardener's violet, or moves the grindstone in the farmer's mill—serving alike the turn of beauty and of use.—Nothing is in vain ; all things are manifold in use. " A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure." The ocean is but the Chemist's sink which holds the rinsings of the world, and everything washed off from the earth was what the land needed to void, the sea to take. All things are twofold ; matter is doubly winged, with beauty and with use.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

A celebrated secularist lecturer in an oration on *Ozzini*, says, " *He*, unselfish, heroic, generous, true, incorruptible, leaves us all in silence, and marches to his scaffold in Paris.....He laid down his noble head on the fatal plank.....He who dies for others conquers love through all time.....Wherever freedom and heroism have a home his name will stir the pulses of men.....History reserves its undying page for such, the poet his proudest lines. Their names are inspiration, and they pass into the greatness of their country."

Do we not wonder that while so large a meed of praise can be poured out at the shrine of very questionable virtue, that the self-sacrificing spirit of Jesus Christ can be overlooked or underrated. Always moral are his means, his cause is ever virtue and human worth. It was not for the overthrow of any single person or earthly dynasty he lived and died. World-wide patriotism was his ; his countrymen were the men of all nations and ages, friends and foes he sought to bless them all, by making them good, for no nation can be great, or happy, or free, who are the slaves of sin, and fear of death ; so " He gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works." *Heroic*, he hides not in and about Jerusalem under a feigned name, but teaches openly among the Jews the great principles of moral rectitude, benevolence and purity of heart. *Unselfish*, " he is the good shepherd who gives his life for the sheep." " And that he died for all that they which live should not live unto themselves but unto him which died for them." *Noble*, when insulted, buffeted, spit upon, mocked, possessing his soul in perfect patience that when we are suffering for well doing we may take it patiently ; " For even hereunto Christ also suffered for us leaving us an example that ye should follow in his steps." And through eighteen centuries how many of his followers in denouncing the sin, wrong and oppression in the world, before kings, and rulers, and peoples, have received power and patience by " Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith ; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God." *Generous*, he sought not to put away the surrounding evils of society by calling down legions of angels to destroy the wickedness and terminate in signal judgment the career of all these malicious Jews and oppressive Romans, no, " He came to save men's lives, not to destroy them," and, " To put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," and, " He suffered for sins the just for the unjust that he might bring us to God." *True*, he came to bear witness to the truth. *Incorruptible*, he would not be made a Jewish king ; for all the kingdoms of this world he would not prove recreant to the path of moral and religious duty.

Such is our Master speaking to us from the distance of eighteen centuries ; who would not love and follow him, " Who died for us that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him." " For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." Let therefore mankind love the path of duty, let patriots love the cause of justice, let children love their parents, let christians love their enemies, let husbands love their wives and wives their husbands, as Christ also loved the Church and gave himself for it.

A CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

[In a recent work is a description of a slave auction, at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommends the woman on the stall as a good Christian.]

"A Christian! going! gone!"
Who bids for God's own image—for His grace,
Which the poor woman of the market-place
Hath, in her suffering, won?

Saviour! can such things be?
Hast thou not said, that whatsoe'er is done
Unto thy weakest and thy humblest one,
Is even done to thee?

In that sad victim, then,
Child of thy pitying love, I see Thee stand,
Once more the jestword of a mocking band;
Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!
Wet with her blood your whips, o'ertask her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame;
Her patience shall not fail!

A heathen land might deal
Back on your heads the gathered wrong of years;
But her low broken prayers and nightly tears
Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,
Thou prudent Teacher; tell the toiling slave
No dangerous tale of Him who came to save
The outcast poor;

But wisely shut the ray
Of God's free gospel from the simple heart,
And to her darkened mind alone impart
One stern command—Obeys.

So shalt thou deftly raise
The market price of human flesh: and while
On thee, the pamper'd guest, the planter's smile
Thy Church shall praise.

Grave reverend men shall tell
From northern pulpits how thy work was blest,—
While in that vile south Sodom, first and best
Thy poor disciples sell.

Oh, shame! the Moslem thrall,
Who with his master to the Prophet kneels,
While turning to the sacred Kebab feels
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turban'd Bey
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn
The dark slave dungeon open, and hath borne
Their inmates into day.

But our poor slave in vain
Turns to the Christian shrine her aching eyes—
Its rites will only swell her market price,
And rivet on her chain.

God of all right, how long
Shall priestly robbers at thine altar stand,
Lifting in prayer to thee the bloody hand
And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh! from the fields of cane,
From the low rice-swamps, from the trader's cell,
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome hell,
And coffin's weary chain.

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,
Rises to heaven that agonising cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky—
"How long, O Lord! how long?"

WHITTIER.

SUPERSTITION AND SLAVERY.

Pray, they would pray, as the priest or the nurse
On the lip pressed the word, or the thought on
the mind;
Kneel, they would kneel, to a demon or worse,
Were the phantom by fashion or interest enshrined.

They are bound in a bond, but they never have felt
Their bond is a mere geographical bar: [knelt,
Elsewhere the same men in a mosque would have
Or clung to the wheels of a Juggernaut car.

Is there one in a thousand in all that dull throng,
But follow like sheep where the bell-weather leads;
That belong to their church and would not belong
To yours or to mine, if brought up in its creeds.

Of that grander religion, whose pillars are set
In the heart, and the intellect, encircling sublime
The whole sphere of humanity, wherein are met,
The wisest and best of each age and each clime.

Of that faith philosophic, which leaps over forms
Made by bigots, in caverns chill, narrow and dark,
That expands like the sun which enlightens and
warms,
Would know and love all things, they have not
a spark.

Yet haughty and grave to their worship they sweep,
Self-complacency wrapping them up like a cloud,
While they fierce threaten flames, and affectedly
weep,
O'er the sage, who refrains from this priest-
smitten crowd.

Small hope for the nations, whose reason is brought
Every hour to be laid on credulity's shrine;
And the truth-seeking spirit submission is taught,
Till the dreams of a doltard seem doctrines divine.

Thus the mind's independence insensibly sinks;
The taint of one portion enfeebling the whole;
While Oppression's preparing her double turned
links,

King and Priest seize their victim, both body and
soul.

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